

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS TULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 15—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1806.

NO. 901.

CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

A TALE.—Continued.

AN habitation for men, did I say? rather ought I to have used the appellation of demons for such appeared the two wretches who came out of an arched cavity upon hearing the rattling of the chaise. "She has sailed these two hours! (they exclaimed,) and be d—d to you: but it is your fault, you know, and so down with your dust."

The disappointed Heron sprang from the carriage, and entered the cavern followed by his two friends, leaving me to the indulgence of a thousand terrifying suggestions, to which his extraordinary conduct had given rise. In such a situation, moments appeared minutes; but, as near as it was possible to calculate, he returned in about half an hour, spoke in a low voice to the drivers, and, with a smiling countenance, re-entered the chaise. "We should have been at home in less than an hour, (said he,) had we been in time for the ferry-boat, which was the motive that urged me to make the fellows drive with such speed: however, what cannot be avoided, we must submit to with patience; and we must now travel all the way by land."

Opening the pocket of the chaise, he offered me some refreshments; and in the most soothing accents expressed a fear that I was ill; and painted the happiness I should enjoy from associating with boys of my own age; and at the vacation, returning to my benefactress again. This sudden change of manners struck me as extraordinary; but I resolved not to damp this apparent kindness, by coldness or reserve; and though I could not eat, yet I endeavored to appear cheerful, and readily entered into discourse. Of the distance we travelled it was impossible for me to make any calculation, as we retraced great part of the road; but we did not arrive at my destined habitation until about four in the afternoon.

The house had once been a stately fabric; but the destroying power of Time was visible in every room; and the casement windows, and oak wainscoting, gave a gloominess to each apartment, which it would be difficult to describe. About fifty boys were assembled in the school-room, each of whom gazed upon me with curiosity. One amongst the number, greeted me in a tone of kindness which at once seemed to sooth my heart. As the dinner hour was long past, I was invited into the parlor. My new friend addressed Mr. Heron by the appellation of Papa, and asked permission to attend me, assuring his father, he had performed his assigned task.

Pleased as I was with the manners of this boy, I could not help feeling sorry that he should have been Mr. Heron's son, for so strong was the antipathy I had to him, that I almost shuddered at the sound of his name. The scene to which I was introduced, was so completely new to me, that my mind imperceptibly became muted; but when I retired to rest, my thoughts naturally reverted to the extraordinary incidents the day had produced. Torn, as I had been, from the

friend of my infancy, without even the secret satisfaction of bidding her adieu, so deeply were my feelings wounded by the cruelty of this conduct, I could not reflect upon it without a torrent of tears. The image of my benefactress was banished from remembrance, by reflecting upon the singular conduct of the man under whose care I was placed; and when I contrasted his sullen silence during the first part of our journey, with his conciliating manners upon discovering the ferry-boat was gone, I found myself bewildered in a labyrinth of conjecture, which it was impossible for a youthful understanding to solve.

As my readers would derive but little entertainment from a description of the method pursued by Mr. Heron in the management of abilities, he was doubtless calculated for the office; though he was more anxious to make himself feared than beloved. Towards me, however, he behaved with a degree of friendly mildness, which astonished, without exciting jealousy, in the rest of the boys: yet the indulgencies he bestowed upon me, instead of exciting gratitude, seemed rather to strengthen that antipathy which from the first interview I had felt. In proportion as my dislike to my master increased, his apparent regard for me strengthened; some mark of indulgence I daily received. The attention I paid to his instructions, doubtless, deserved commendation; but there were several other boys, no less assiduous than myself, on whom he scarcely bestowed a word of approbation; whilst I was shown in every instance as the most brilliant lad in the school.

By this mode of behavior my vanity would have been flattered, had not the contents of that fatal letter been deeply impressed upon my mind; but, instead of the preference which there was shown me exciting pleasurable sensations, it produced emotions more painful than language can describe. I considered myself as fostered by a viper, who was artfully watching for the moment when he could wound me unperceived; and, by inducing me to place implicit confidence in his friendship, afford him an opportunity of infusing his poisonous venom into my heart. It was in vain that I endeavored to conceal the aversion I felt towards him; it was evident to every boy in the school, each of whom expressed their astonishment at my disliking a being by whom I was indulged. That he was acting a deceptious part, I was certain; I fancied I could trace antipathy in his smiles; and what rendered him still more hateful to me, was the tyrannical authority he exercised over his son. Never were father and son of more opposite dispositions than the designing Heron and that ingenuous boy, whose noble nature revolted against every species of deception, and who deserved to have sprung from a far different stock. From my first entering the school, a kind of sympathetic emotion seemed to attach us. He was about two years older than myself; and the advantage he had of years, made me consider him as my protector, as well as my friend. Such a boy as Charles Heron, any father might have been proud of; but his unnatural parent seemed to view his expansive faculties with an envious eye; and, instead of endeavouring to cultivate a genius so promising, he took less pains with

him than any boy in the school. Charles severely felt the disadvantages under which he labored; and, in the fulness of his heart, would frequently complain to me: for the slightest fault he was punished with a cruelty that would have hardened any boy that was not innately good.

I passed three months at school without hearing any thing of my friend and benefactress, whose image, during that period, was scarcely one hour banished from my mind; and my anxiety became so great, that my health suffered from it; but at length the joyful moment of breaking up arrived. A servant, whom I had never seen was sent for me. From him I learnt, that his mistress was still confined; and that his master was on a journey, from which he was not expected to return for six weeks.

This intelligence at once pained and pleased me. I was so eager to behold my benefactress, that I could scarcely allow the horses time to bait; and what excited no small degree of astonishment was, that the journey did not seem half the distance it was when I went to school. This circumstance confirmed me in the opinion, that a plot had been planned against me on that memorable day; and it immediately struck me, that I was to have been sent to Africa, if the vessel which Heron hoped to have been in time for, had not sailed. From enquiries, I had discovered there was no ferry which could have conveyed us a nearer way to Heron's house; and I was now confirmed in the opinion, that I was to have been trepanned, instead of being sent to school.

I resolved, therefore, not only to acquaint Mrs. Darnley with my suspicions, but with the contents of that letter which had first given them rise; but when I beheld the change which sickness had produced upon her angelic countenance, I had not courage enough to mention what I feared might increase her complaint. Scarcely was she able even to hear me repeat a single lesson; her mind appeared oppressed with an insupportable weight; and on the third day after my arrival, she was seized with a fit, which it was feared would have proved fatal to her life. Agony greater than mine, during this alarming paroxysm, it is impossible for the human mind to have endured; and, upon recovering her senses, and seeing me almost frantic with terror, she requested the nurse to leave us alone.

"Henry, (said she, pressing my hand to her bosom,) I have a long tale of sorrow to unfold, which it was my intention to have concealed from you until your understanding had been more matured—the wretched state of my mind has destroyed my constitution, and I fear I have not many weeks to live. You are the child my beloved Henry, of a sister, whose memory will be dear to this heart until it ceases to beat. Your father was a general officer, and Mr. Darnley's most intimate friend. The fortune which you most inherit, was left under his control, but I advise you to apply to the Lord Chancellor, who will see you restored to your just rights. Should I recover, in spite of Mr. Darnley's objections I will go to town. But alas! my dearest boy!"

(To be Continued.)

GOLDSMITH'S GENEROSITY.

The generous disposition of that amiable man and celebrated writer, Dr. Goldsmith, frequently occasioned his hospitality to exceed the bounds of prudence. Dr. Rouley, who was in habits of intimacy with him, was once witness to a scene of this nature. Having waited upon Goldsmith with a sum of money, which had been procured to rescue him from his embarrassments—during conversation an Hibernian knocked at the door, and having been admitted, related to the doctor a tale of woe, calculated to work on his feelings. The sensibility of Goldsmith was trembling alive to the distresses of his countryman—he immediately snatched up some bank notes which lay on the table, to a considerable amount, and put them in the hands of the mendicant.

REPOSE.

Men complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong—they have it for seeking. What they should, indeed, complain of, is, that the heart is an enemy to what they seek. To themselves alone, should they impute their discontent. They seek, within the short span of life, to satisfy a thousand desires; each of which, alone is unsatisfactory. One month passes, and another comes on—the year ends, and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly—still blindly continuing in prejudice.—To the wise man, every climate and every soil is pleasing;—to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert—and the tincture of the cloud, preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

THE DANGER OF IDLENESS IN SOLITUDE

Idleness is truly said to be the root of all evil; and Solitude certainly encourages in the generality of its votaries this baneful disposition. Nature has so framed the character of man, that his happiness essentially depends on his passions being properly interested, his imagination busied, and his faculties employed; but these engagements are seldom found in the vacant scenes and tedious hours of retirement from the world, except by those who have acquired the great and happy art of furnishing their own amusements; an art which can never be learnt in the irrational solitude of caves and cells. The idleness which solitude is so apt to induce, is dangerous in proportion to the natural strength, activity, and spirit of the mind; for it is observed, that the highest characters are frequently goaded by that restlessness which accompanies leisure, to acts of the wildest outrage, and greatest enormity.

ANECDOTE.

A Suffolk attorney, (a proof how many men are conscientious by halves, who had as little regard to honesty and truth, as any of his fraternity of the lower order, was so very scrupulous of being denied by his servant as not being at home, that he gave to one of his garrets, which he made his more private study, the name of Colchester: and when any person called whom he wished not to see, the servants and clerks were ordered to say, "My master is gone to Colchester." However, this marked a true feature of his character; that his mind and character never went farther than half of the truth, and the whole of an equivocation.

THE ORPHAN.

Poor boy—thought in thy tender years,
Thine eyes are dimm'd with flowing tears,
Thy little heart dissolv'd in grief,
Thou canst not hope from man relief!

O child of sorrow, cease to weep,
Though in the dust thy parents sleep;
The bonds of death thou canst not break,
Nor from the tomb the slumb'r'r wake.

An early orphan left alone,
Upon the world deserted thrown;
A mother's love who can supply,
Or watch thee with a father's eye?

Though all unmindful of thy good,
Forgetful of a brother's blood,
And heedless of thy woeful state,
Thy kindred cast thee off to fate.

The God who gave to them the pow'r,
To aid thee in this trying hour,
To thee his mercies may extend,
And ever prove thy steadfast friend.

His love thy tender youth may shield,
His hand exhaustless treasures yield,
His wisdom pour the precepts kind,
Of life eternal in thy mind.

Cease, child of sorrow, cease to weep,
Though in the dust thy parents sleep;
The Saviour of the world shall be
A Father ever unto thee.

THE RETROSPECT OF LIFE, OR, THE ONE THING VALUABLE.

RICHES, chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honor lulls us while we live,
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes;
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?

Let Religion answer, No;
Her eternal powers prevail,
When honors, riches cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth and pleasure fail.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

If the treasur'd gold could give
Man a longer time to live,
I'd employ my greatest care
Still to keep and still to spare;
And, when Death approach'd, would say,
"Take thy fee, and walk away."

But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why should I myself deceive?
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely whilst I live
Generous wines, in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind; and friends sincere;
Happy, could I ever find
Friend's sincere, and beauty kind.

PIGRAM.

You've stol'n my ravish'd soul away,
Maria pity my despair;
Return it to its place, I pray,
Or take my body in your care.

THE COQUETTE.....A MORAL TALE.

From the French.

The whole fortune of Cephesia, at the age of twenty years, was a pretty person and a well cultivated mind. "This is to be rich," cries a critic; "with wit and beauty a young girl never fails to extricate herself from difficulty; with these two treasures may be purchased all the rest, which are deficient."

True! But it is with these as with all other treasures, every thing depends on management. The truly rich man is not he, who possesses the most—but he, who knows best how to employ his wealth; a knowledge, which neither the miser nor the prodigal possesses. We shall soon see whether Cephesia acquired this invaluable secret.

Hardly had Cephesia appeared in public, before she was surrounded with adorers, but a little information soon dispersed the admiring crowd. "Cephesia was portionless—and Cephesia wanted a husband." In this iron age all hearts sigh for money; and in most marriages it is gold, and not the woman that is espoused.

Notwithstanding this grand deficiency, a young man of singular amability, but of shallow understanding, became enamoured of our heroine and threw his fortune at her feet. But Cephesia discovered his want of wit and rejected his offer. "What folly," said a woman who knew life, "a good natured, stupid husband is a precious possession."....Cephesia knew not enough of the world to estimate duly the value of such a treasure.

A year after, another lover offered to enlist under her banners. He was not wanting in spirit; indeed Cephesia perceived he had too much; and this candidate was also discarded.

Had Cephesia been less blind to her own defects, she would have discovered, that a few freckles had scattered themselves over her complexion and impaired the lustre of her original beauty; but she had a faultless memory, which, taxing the mirror with falsehood, retraced only the image of her first charms. She was therefore not a little astonished, that five years rolled away without presenting a single lover. "Became she more wise?" No; and notwithstanding some warning lines were traced on her forehead in promise of future wrinkles, she still had no doubt of success, when more disinterested eyes should behold her.

All the young men disappeared; and though a husband at last offered himself, it was because he was forty years old and besides not very difficult. Cephesia refused him...."A husband of forty years and a wife of six and twenty!" it was murder in her eyes....she could not resolve on such a sacrifice.

Nevertheless Cephesia counted thirty years and was still unmarried. Chagrin now took possession of her mind, and the horrors of perpetual celibacy approached. After some further time had elapsed, she esteemed herself happy in espousing an old man stupid and ugly, who, besides to increase her ill fortune, took it into his head to live to the age of eighty.

ANECDOTES.

On one cold winter's night, an Hibernian having remained out late with a drinking party could not gain admittance on his returning to his lodgings. After wandering about sometimes without seeing any person, and being nearly frozen, he set up a loud cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!"—Many people soon rushed out of their houses demanding, "where? where?" "By Saint Patrick (replied paddy) I canno' tell; if I could, I'd quick be after getting tell it, so I would."

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"To shame a Liar, tell a greater Lie."

As two Merchants were quarreling, some time ago,
Says one to the other—"Sir, I'll have you to know,
That I do much more business than you,
And I clearly can make it appear;
For instance, only think,
That it costs me for Ink,
At least forty pounds ev'ry year."

"Poh, poh," cries the other, "that sum is quite small;
I save twice as much by leaving out all;
The dots of my I's and the crooks of T's,
You may b'lieve it or doubt it, 'tis just as you please."

QUIDOSUS.

ENIGMA.

Once ev'ry man, who knew my worth,
To style me great agreed,
And justly, for I often prov'd
A friend in time of need.

But, oh! how fickle Fortune is!
And fashion fickle still;
Capricious powers! who work the change
Of all things at their will.

For now, alas! my alter'd state
To greatness has no claim;
They've robb'd me of my property,
And even chang'd my name.

My form entire and perfect once,
A spreading sail could b'ast;
But now I mourn its honors fled,
And half my portion lost.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 24, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases, viz:—
Consumption 8, hives 3, still-born 3, casualties 2nd decay 2, bilious fever 2, typhus fever 2, locked jaw 2, small-pox 2, teething 2, convulsions, dropsy, dysentery, old age, pleurisy, sore throat, and worms, each 1. Men 13, women 6, boys 12, girls 7.—Total 38
A man and a boy, both of whom died in consequence of falling.

Several letters received in town from Curaçoa concur in stating that Miranda, about the 12th April landed at Aruba, a small Dutch Island in sight of Curaçoa, where he exercised and recruited his forces preparatory to his descent on the Spanish Main. He sailed from thence about the 20th of April.—This news is correct.—D. A.

Jacob Brenneman, who was lately advertised, for attempting to murder his father in law, Michael Hass, was apprehended on Thursday the 8th inst. at or near Womelsdorff, in Berks county Penn, and on Friday he was lodged in the jail of the county of Lancaster.

A mob, chiefly of women, some time since, collected at Bassi, in Switzerland, carrying lanthorns, broke into the gallery of the church, which contained that master piece of antiquity, HOLBIDDEN'S DANCE OF DEATH, tore it from the walls and completely destroyed it. Different motives are assigned for this singular outrage.

Norfolk, May 6.—The Great Dismal Swamp has been for some weeks on fire, which has extended for many miles. We have conversed with some gentlemen of information from that quarter, who assure us that the damage already done is moderately estimated at \$100,000. Two millions of three feet shingles, ready for market, are consumed; a number of buildings, bridges, and an immense quantity of timber, is consumed; and the fire was yesterday raging in every direction with the greatest violence. Without rain, there is no hope of its stopping, short of the entire destruction of all the timber in this great tract of country. The rapidity with which our informants state the flames to spread, exceeds any thing that can be described.

Martinsburgh, April 11.—On Saturday last an indigent character, by the name of Hugh Harbins, attempted to destroy himself, near this town by cutting his throat with a razor; He made several cuts to effect his purpose, and mangled his throat in a horrible manner. By his own account, he lay from about twelve o'clock until near sun-down, writhing in his gore, before he was discovered—When he was discovered, he appeared perfectly in his senses, and talked rationally. He assigned no reason for this rash act, but his poverty and being tired of life—he objected strongly against being removed and insisted upon being left where he was to die, and that if any attempts were made to restore him, he would at another time destroy himself.—He was removed to the poor house of this county, and the wound dressed; we are told he has since become penitent, and is in a fair way to recover.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Prince-
William county, dated April 15.

"We feel a great loss in a worthy member of our society, Mr. Edward Carter, whose death was occasioned by the most singular and dreadful accident that ever occurred before. He had undertaken, contrary to the advice of every friend, who condemned the plan, to move or rather build a Merchant Mill, lower down the river than the old mill, to effect which, a very long and deep race was necessary.—This he had carried some distance; in doing which, neither hills nor obstacles whatever stopped him, so that in some places, as the race was straight, he cut through hills 15 or 16 feet deep.—In one of these horrid pits, over which projected stupendous rocks, and a bank of dirt of a crumbly nature, he was standing about sunset a few days ago (a very unusual time for him to be there), giving some directions, when the bank above gave way, breaking about six feet from the head. He called out "take care" without making any effort to escape himself, which he might have done, and horrid to relate, turning only his shoulder aside, as it fastened to the spot by some supernatural power, himself, one of the ditchers, and a negro, were all buried in an instant.

The alarm was immediately given by the only one that escaped, who was the most exposed and who could scarcely ever before walk upon even ground without stumbling, and Mrs. Carter who was in delicate health, was the first one that got there, nearly a mile from the house; she found him dead, being buried up to the chin in rocks upon him that weighed 15 or 20 tons. The ditcher was entirely buried, and the negro confined above the knees, with his legs much mashed and bruised, but not irrecoverable. This sad catastrophe I found realized early next morning, by a view of the dead bodies, one of which was my ever lamented friend.

Lately died at an obscure lodging, at White-chapel, in England, aged 81, Richard Weston. His room had not been cleaned for 55 years; One Thousand guineas were found wrapped in brown paper, and he died possessed of 90,000 pounds in the funds.

PLAYS.

FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folly as it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married, Count of Burgundy, Sighs of the Daughter, Love's Frailties, Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew, or Isenvolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Sham the Devil, Preservation, or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Shandyism &c. &c. &c.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Who tastes the fount of lawless love,
Must hope for happiness no more;
But doom'd its sharpest pains to prove
Shall late, too late, their fault deplore.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John S. Schermerhorn, to Miss Lucretia L. Brinckerhoff. On Tuesday evening, at Poughkeepsie, Mr. Ezekiel Dodge, of this city, to Miss Jane Power, of that village. On the 11th inst. at Middle Town, Conn. by the Rev. Mr. Huntington, Henry W. Philips, of this city, to Deborah Eliza Williams, of that place.

MORTALITY.

To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar—
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Sarah Tredwell, the wife of Mr. William Tredwell, of this city.

On Friday the 16th inst. James Watson, Esq. aged 56 years

On Saturday the 17th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Ellen Swanton, in the 71st year of her age, a native of Ireland.

VACATION.

The Vacation of Mr. Nelson's Academy at Mount-Pleasant, will expire on the 26th inst. when the Students will be expected to return.

Alexander Saunders & John Leonard,

Having entered into Copartnership, informs their friends and the public, that the business will in future be conducted under the firm of
SAUNDERS & LEONARD,
At their manufactory of Leghorn Hats and Bonnets,
No. 104 Maiden-lane,

Where they offer for Sale, on moderate terms:

24 boxes Leghorn Flats, just received via Boston Willow and Kane Squares, assorted
Leghorn Bonnets, of all sizes and qualities
Ditto, Gypse Hats do.
Men's Leghorn Hats, green under
Straw Lace, Cords, and Tassels
American and English covered Wire,
With a general and elegant assortment of articles in the MILLENNARY LINE, by wholesale only.

J. OSBORN'S, CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

Is removed to 13 Park, next door to the Shakespeare Gallery. He has just received from London all the late Novels and Romances, not before in the collection. All the new British and American publications, not strictly professional, are always added to the Library, as soon as possible; and more than thirty of the best English periodical works may be read, at less expense than the annual subscription to one alone would cost.

May 10, 1806.

899—ff.

BOOK-STORE—NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Just received, in addition to our usual assortment, a variety of new publications; among which are, the Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death—A short system of Polite Learning, being an Epitome on the Arts and Sciences—Marriot's Poems—Original Poems—Also, Carr's Northern Summer, with a variety of Childrens Books too tedious to enumerate.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR THE

SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISA,

TICKETS IN THE 14th CLASS LOTTERY
FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
LITERATURE—For Sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

CARE, awy goe thou from me,
For I am not fit match for thee;
Thou bereav'st me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits;
Therefore I will care no more,
Since that in care comes no restore:
But I will sing hey down adown, adee,
And cast care away, away from me.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have the more I fret;
Have I much I care for more;
The more I have I think me poor;
Thus I with grief my mind oppress,
In wealth or woe find no redress;
Therefore I will care no more, in vain
For care hath cost me meikle pain,
But I will sing hey down, &c.

Is not this world a slipp'ry ball,
And think men strange to catch a fall?
Dost not the sea both ebb and flow?
And hath not fortune a painted show?
Why should men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?
There's none so wise but may be overthrown,
And the careless may reap what the careful have
sown
And I will sing hey down, &c.

Well, then, learn to know thy self,
And care not for the worldly pelf;
Whether thine estate be great or small,
Give thanks to god, whate'er befall:
So shalt thou then live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease,
Then mayst thou sing hey down, adown adee,
When thou hast cast all care and grief from thee.

APRIL FOOL.

In answer to these two Lines:
O dear!—what a Mule—
To be made an APRIL FOOL.

Which were sent in a Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman on the 1st of April.

INDEED you're wrong—wou'd you but search,
I was as great a fool in March—
And were I but a Fool to-day,
I needn't fear being one in May;
But something whispers—that's too soon,
Because I'm to be one in June;
The reason's plain—I'll tell you why,
I'm doom'd to be one in July;
Neither wou'd I my senses trust,
Were I to see you in August;
Your charms still I'd but remember,
To be an Ape throughout September;
But shou'd my passion once get sober,
I'd dance and sing away October;
My Flame then sunk into an ember
Wou'd Reason give to all November,
And so continue through December;
But as it is—I fear I'll be
An ass complete 'till Janu'ry;
And even then I can't be free,
As my doom's past for Febr'ry.
Pray, therefore, do I not appear,
A perfect fool—tho' all the year?

ANTIQUITY OF THE GOUT

ASA was the first man who ever had the gout, and the consequence of his manner of treating it is thus related in the first book of Kings. "Now Asa, the king, was diseased in his feet, but instead of applying to the Lord, he applied unto the physicians, therefore the Lord slew him."

MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTICORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane. July 13, 1805.

861 tf.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,
FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.
NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, 4s. & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 2s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums: warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences. Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pamasins, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving-Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 5, 1806.

833. ly.

JABESH PELL,

CITY SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 157 Front-street, to 183 Water-street, one door east of Burling-slip, where he keeps on hand a large assortment of Scales and Weights—also, Measures of copper, pewter and tin—likewise, Copper Stills, Copper Cranes, Dyers Kettles, Hatters' Kettles, Copper Tea-kettles, Sheet-Iron Tea-kettles and Sauspans, with a general assortment of Tin-ware; all of which he will sell at the lowest price.

N. B. Weights and Measures sealed at the shortest notice.

May 10, 1806.

899—4t.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.

MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,
Where may be had a general assortment of the best Teas—also, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.
A convenient 2 story House to let No. 92, Liberty-street; enquire as above.

May 10, 1806.

899—4t.

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his Store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a neat assortment of dry good, amongst which, are very handsome Laces, do. London Prints, checked Leno, picket Muslins, tambour'd Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, Inde Mul-mul, Silk Shawls, Dimitys, Linen, Brown Hollands, Nankeens, Gurrags, Mamodies, Mow Sannahs, Bandano Handkerchiefs, &c. which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

N. B. A few doz. Straw Bonnets, & Straw Plumes.

May 2.

898—4t.